

AMERICA, IN THE YEAR

ATTENTION OF EVERY PERSON,

LATELY HAD LIKE



1755, AND

PARTICULARLY AS WE HAVE

VISITATIONS.

NEW ENGLAND hear God's voice
 with fear,
 For he does loudly call,
 The summer past brought warnings fast,
 That might awaken all.
 A sickness sore God sent therefore,
 In divers of our towns,
 And suddenly did many die,
 Under his awful frowns.
 Likewise great drought there was through-
 out,
 Most part of this our land,
 And worms devour, it was God's power,
 And his outstretched hand.
 But to his will, we'd not hearken still,
 And hear the voice of God;
 He sent a storm that did much harm,
 A very awful rod.
 Great trees did break, houses did shake,
 Much fence it did blow down,
 And we thereby apparently,
 Might see how God did frown.
 The storm is past, and now at last,
 We have a louder call,
 For God did make the earth to quake,
 Which did awaken all.
 This doleful plight came at midnight,
 Most were asleep and still,
 When from the ground a trembling sound
 Did us with terror fill.
 For suddenly this midnight cry,
 Awak'd us in a fright,
 The earth did quake, and we did shake,
 In that distressing time.
 For some did think the earth would sink,
 And swallow them alive,
 The sad distress they did express,
 Would all our land deprive.
 But others guest with fear no less,
 The world was at an end,
 The day of doom they thought was come,
 All before Christ must stand.

So great our fears, for then our ears,
 Were fill'd with rushing sound,
 And we did feel our houses reel,
 With trembling of the ground.
 Some dire effect we did expect,
 But God did us release,
 He stay'd his hand and then the land,
 Did from her trembling cease,
 Thus God did spare us, and we are
 Escap'd from sudden death,
 With humbleness his name we'll bless,
 While we have life and breath.
 Oh that we might improve aright,
 This loud and solemn call,
 God give us grace while we have space;
 The warning is to all.
 Then every one both old and young
 Are called to amend,
 Let none appear like Pharoah here,
 God will not long suspend,
 His judgments were men harden'd are,
 And no respect is given,
 And as it were they do but dare,
 The very God of heaven,
 But if that we his hand do see,
 And speedily amend,
 Then with the meek that do him seek,
 We find the Judge our friend.
 Then in the day of wrath we may,
 Expect an hiding place,
 And not with fear but joy appear
 Before our Judges face.
 When the last shake and great earthquake
 Shall every mountain move,
 And every place fly from the face,
 Of our great Judge above.
 Then happy they who in that day,
 Did hearken to his voice,
 And hear his call, for then they shall
 Forevermore rejoice,